

News and Comment
Written by Experts

STAR-BULLETIN SPORTS

Edited By
L. REDINGTON

CHERRIES ALMOST AT THE TOP OF TREE

"Y" Bowling League.

	P.	W.	L.	Pct.
Cherries	24	19	5	.792
Expanders	24	15	9	.625
Dark Horses	24	11	13	.458
Breakers	24	11	13	.458
Spitters	22	8	14	.364
Rollers	22	8	14	.364

The Expanders dropped themselves gracefully over the gallery rail and pulled their heads off for the Dark Horses last night, but it was no use. The latter team dropping three in a row. The Cherries, the league leaders, put the fruit rollers almost at the top of the coveted championship with only six more games to play. They are four full games ahead of the Expanders.

It is now up to the rollers, the cellar chaps, to stop the Cherries. Even if the rollers annex a single game the Expanders will have a chance, for they are going strong just at present, and have a world of confidence in their own ability.

The scores of last night's match:

	P.	W.	L.	Pct.
Cherries	142	169	123	.433
Rollers	186	132	171	.489
Swain	107	167	153	.483
Gear	177	190	171	.538
Dummy	162	162	162	.486

	P.	W.	L.	Pct.
Dark Horses	161	168	181	.519
Scott	143	152	127	.422
James	114	121	133	.368
Clark	123	152	131	.406
Wilkinson	148	165	173	.486

Spitters. The Dark Horses were figuring on two out of three but didn't even get a look in.

Those three straight give us another boost towards that Championship—Gear.

"We can't take any, I tell you,"—Clarke.

Gear had both high score and average for the winners, 190 and 173.

Scott was high man for the Dark Horses with high score of 181 and average of 170.

The Girls got Rasmussen's goal last night.

What's the use, —Harris. It's up to the Cherries and the Expanders to fight it out.

SOLDIERS GET GAME AT LAST

After trying for some time to secure a game with one of the football aggregations of Honolulu, the Schofield Barracks eleven will be accommodated in this capacity by a team of former local stars who are known as the Original Town Team, and who will put aside the pen and the ledger to don the armor of the gridiron.

Captain Henry Chillingworth, of the Town Team has written a letter to Sergeant Lowndes, captain of the soldier squad, to the effect that the Original Town Team will accept the Leliehus challenge.

A large number of the former stars turned out for practice last night at Athletic Park, and at that time instruction was given them by Captain Chillingworth that practice will be held every afternoon after this until further notice, and that all are expected to be present. Coach Hall of the High School team, and Charlie Davis, will be secured by the boys as coaches.

It is not known definitely when the first game will be played, but Captain Chillingworth expects an answer to his letter by Wednesday at the latest. The Original Town Team is composed of the best material from the many former gridiron players of the city—players who know the game.

Besides being players from the schools there are several fast ones who have seen service in the game on the mainland.

Among the several players who will probably be chosen for the team are: Al Lucas (P), S. Aldrich (H S), W. Desha (P), Ed. Moore (P), W. Paty (P-T), Joe Kamaoku (K), Ed. Hamauku (K), A. Lota (K), Jim Hart (T), E. S. Andrews (H S), D. Desha (K), Bob Chillingworth (H S), F. M. Friesell (U S), "Hobie" Sumner (T), A. B. Carter (H S), K. Maguire (H S), Lal Tin (H S), Henry Chillingworth (H S), Frank Kana (P-H S).

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Sport JETSAM and FLOTSAM

Speaking of masked golfers, you ought to see us conceal our skill on the links!

The Columbia crew is said to have consumed a thousand pounds of prunes last season. Until it is known how many pounds the Cornell oarsmen used up it can't be told whether this is an argument for or against prunes.

Representatives of Australia, England, France, Germany, Sweden, Austria, Belgium, Switzerland and Spain met in France to discuss the formation of an international lawn tennis federation. Hamlet with Hamlet left out would be a microscopic ellipsis to such a body with the United States out.

The line between rough but fair and rough but unfair playing in football is often so finely drawn as to be invisible to the naked eye.

Ty Cobb and President Navin are expected to get together on the salary question—with Ty doing his share of the getting.

Among the many lines crossed by the Vanderbilt football team this fall is Mason and Dixon's line.

PRIORY JUMPS TO BASKETBALL LEAD

	P.	W.	L.	Pct.
Priory	3	2	1	.666
McKinley	4	2	2	.500
Punahou	3	1	2	.333

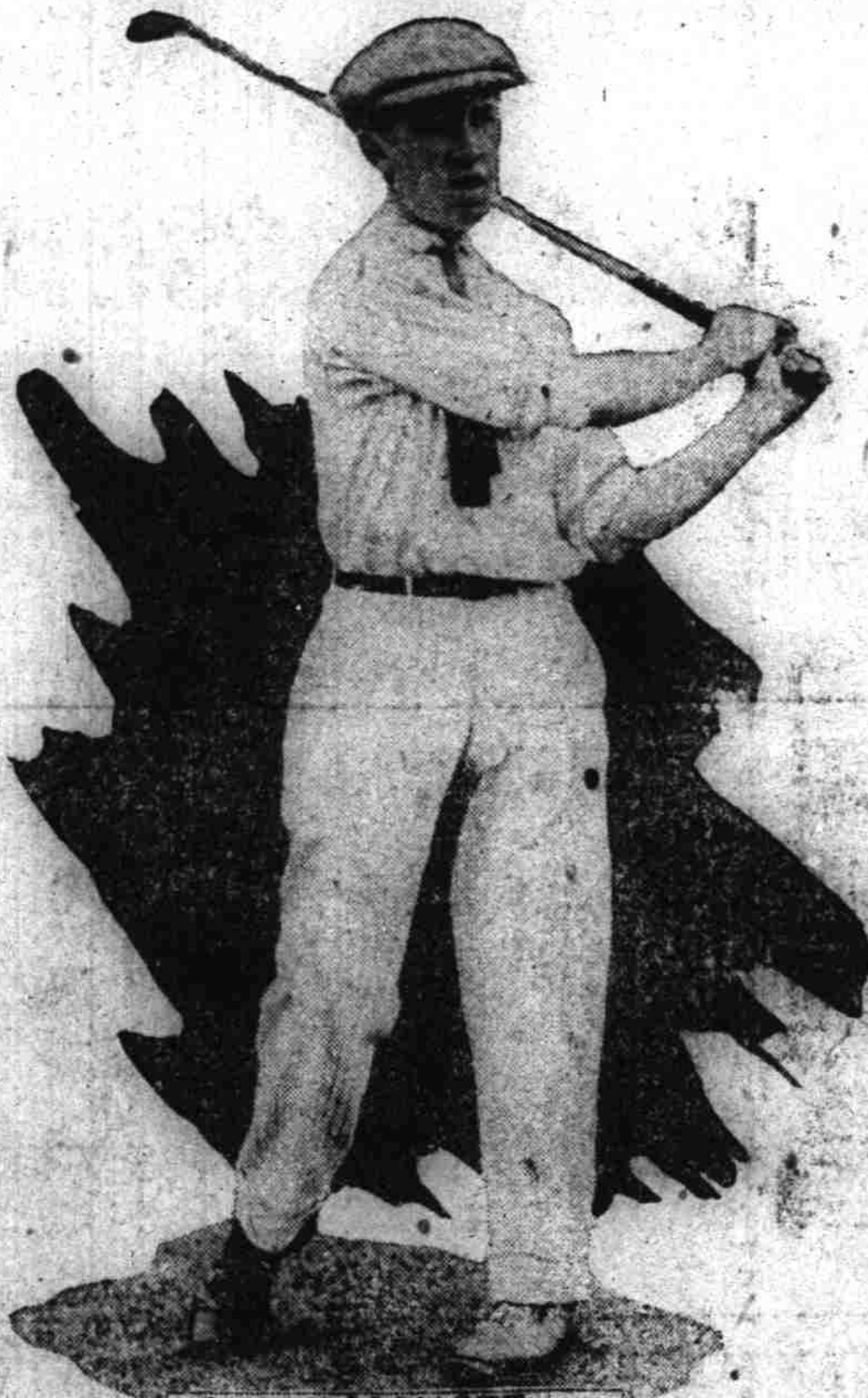
GIRLS' BASKETBALL LEAGUE

The speedy Priory basketball team is again winner, this time over McKinley, with a score of 25-9. The McKinley players weren't up to their work as they were in the last game when they defeated Punahou with a score of 21-12. The Priory girls played a fine game, and their splendid team work was in evidence as usual. Agnes Frenzo and Elizabeth Kaeo, the Priory forwards, played the good game they always play and piled up the score against McKinley. Rose Cummings, captaining and wide awake center on the Priory team, played a splendid game, and was undoubtedly the star of the afternoon. Eva Taylor and Louise Robinson, the McKinley forwards, played a good game, but their basket throwing was not up to their usual standard. They had plenty of chances for throwing baskets, but they usually missed. From foul alone they had eight shots and only threw one, while the Priory had seven shots and scored on five of them. Margaret McCarthy, a McKinley center, played the best game for McKinley. Her playing saved the ball from going to the Priory for several times.

The game by baskets was as follows:

First Half. Agnes Frenzo throws basket for Priory. Score 2-0. Elizabeth Kaeo throws basket for Priory. Score 4-0. Agnes Frenzo throws basket for Priory. Score 6-0. Eva Taylor throws basket for McKinley. Score 6-2. Louise Robinson throws basket for McKinley. Score 6-4. Agnes Frenzo throws basket for Priory. Score 8-4. McKinley over-guarding. Score 9-4. Elizabeth Kaeo fails to throw basket from foul. McKinley over-guarding. Score 9-4. Louise Robinson fails to throw basket for McKinley from foul. Priory over the line. Score 9-4. Eva Taylor fails to throw basket for McKinley from foul. Priory over-guarding. Score 9-4. Agnes Frenzo throws basket for Priory from foul. McKinley over-guarding. Score 10-4. Louise Robinson fails to throw basket for McKinley from foul. Priory over-guarding. Score 10-4. Second Half. Eva Taylor fails to throw basket for McKinley from foul. Priory over-guarding. Score 10-4. Elizabeth Kaeo throws basket for Priory. Score 12-4. Louise Robinson fails to throw basket for McKinley from foul. Priory over the line. Score 12-4. Eva Taylor fails to throw basket for McKinley from foul. Priory over-guarding. Score 12-4. Agnes Frenzo throws basket for Priory from foul. McKinley over-guarding. Score 13-4. Agnes Frenzo throws two baskets for Priory. Score 15-4. Louise Robinson fails to throw basket for McKinley from foul. Priory over-guarding. Score 17-4. Louise Robinson throws basket for McKinley. Score 17-6. Eva Taylor throws basket for McKinley. Score 17-8. Elizabeth Kaeo throws basket for Priory from foul. McKinley over-guarding. Score 18-8. Agnes Frenzo throws basket from foul. McKinley over-guarding. Score 19-8. Eva Taylor throws basket for McKinley from foul. Priory advancing ball. Score 19-9. Agnes Frenzo throws basket for Priory. Score 21-9. Elizabeth Kaeo throws basket for Priory. Score 23-9. Elizabeth Kaeo throws

M'Dermott, American Golf Champ, After European Scalps



J. J. McDermott of the Atlantic City country club has decided to go abroad and beard some of the crack professionals of Europe in their own dens. McDermott showed his class in the recent open golf championship of the United States at Buffalo, which he won for the second time. His total score was 294 strokes for seventy-two holes, an average of four and one-half to each hole.

Miss Moody, referee for first half; Miss Topham, referee for second half; Miss Ellen Wright, umpire; Miss Violet Lucas, Miss Topham for first half and Miss Moody for second half, linesmen; Miss Evelyn Cunningham and Walter Grace, timekeepers.

The line-up was as follows: Priory: Forwards, Agnes Frenzo, Elizabeth Kaeo; centers, Rose Cummings (captains), Charlotte Kopp; guards, Mary Hart, Irene Davidson. McKinley: Forwards, Eva Taylor (captain), Louise Robinson; centers, Rosie Holt, Margaret McCarthy; guards, Psyche Berry, Virginia McCarthy.

Punahou and the Priory still have a game to be played before the season will be over. If Punahou wins, another game will be necessary to decide the championship, but if the Priory wins the basketball championship for the season will go to them. The date for this game has not been definitely decided, as it was not counted in the schedule, but it is expected that it will be played during the week. A second team game between McKinley and the Priory is scheduled for December 5th and is to be played at the McKinley basketball grounds. The second teams have been playing fine games this season and this game will undoubtedly be no exception. It is to be played at four o'clock.

The Beretania Tennis Club will never get its fixtures off unless the skies close for a few days.

Kalihi beat Kauluwaia at indoor baseball last night, by one of the largest scores ever run up on a local floor, 52 to 2.

Hilo is planning a couple of tennis tournaments about the first of the year. The courts of the Hilo Tennis Club, probably the best in the islands, are in fine shape just now.

Even with Jack Johnson eliminated from the pugilistic stage, there is no immediate prospect of the heavy-weight title falling into the hands of a white man. Next to Johnson the best heavyweights that the ring now possesses are Langford, Jeannette and McVey, colored fighters. As yet there is not one of the so-called white hopes who compares with any one of these, notwithstanding the fact that all of them have reached that age where no improvement can be expected of them from a pugilistic standpoint.

Boat for boat, the Hawaii proved faster than the Mollion in the second race between the two yachts, sailed last Sunday. The Hawaii, captained by Fred Fredericks, passed the finishing line off the spar buoy just 23 minutes before the Mollion, skippered by her owner, "Drydock" Smith. This was a splendid showing for the "Molly" in a race of 10 1/2 hours, for under racing rules she would have been entitled to quite a slice of time allowance from the trans-Pacific schooner. The course was round Bird Island and return, and while good weather was encountered on the outward leg, both yachts ran into a hard squall on the return, the Hawaii losing some of her head sails. The race was a return match, the Hawaii having lost to the Mollion on time allowance some two weeks ago. Captain Fredericks wished to race boat for boat, and Captain Smith took him on.

YANK. VARSITIES SEEK MEET WITH JOHN BULLERS

SAWED OFF SHORT

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Some Echoes From The Ball Season

Arrangements have been made whereby the New York American League Club will play its games on the Polo Grounds next season, and this means that Owner Farrell for the first time since he has been at the head of the Yankees will have a chance to find a healthy balance on the right side of his ledger.

Time has proven that there never was a chance for the American League club to make both ends meet so long as it played on its own grounds out on the hill. The park was not accessible enough, and even under favorable conditions the crowds were small. The new arrangements mean that there will be continuous baseball at the Polo Grounds all during the summer, and that the Yankees will play to more people next season than they ever have before.

Not one of the players who were touted to do wonders in the world's series came up to expectations, while those players from whom little was expected did the best work. No one figured that Yerkes would outshine Doyle, and Merkle was expected to make Sahl look like a cart-horse, yet both Yerkes and Stahl did by far the better playing. Murray, who had made such a dismal failure the year before, came through with a vengeance. Duffy Lewis, who was a member of what was called the greatest outfield in the world, played poorly, not only in the field, but at the bat. Carrigan, who was expected to do the most of the catching, did not show well, and Cady, a youngster, made good. But the Giants, with Meyers behind the bat, had the better of the backstop department, though Meyers did not hit up to his usual standard.

The refusal of John T. Brush of the New York club to pay 25 per cent of the club's share of the world's series money into the treasury of the league is apt to stir up another baseball mass this winter. The rule covering this point was passed a year ago and from all accounts met with no opposition. Its object was to have the clubs which did not win the pennant share in the enormous profits of the world's series. A heavy assessment is necessary during the playing season to defray the expense of the league, and it was figured that the world's series profits could relieve the clubs from this drain. But Brush, when he found that his team was to take part in the world's series, refused to give up the 25 per cent. The national commission, however, is holding the money, and not until the National League decides the case will any disposition be made of it.

RECOMMENDED EVERYWHERE.

Mr. Piet A. Uys, living at Lelieveld, Frankfort District, Orange River Colony, Africa, says: "We can give evidence to the benefit of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. We have used it several times for our children and ourselves and have found it excellent. We expect to continue using it and can recommend it to any one in the world." For sale by all dealers. Benson, Smith & Co., Ltd., agents for Hawaii.—advertisement.

Army and Navy Headquarters. Special rates at the "Pleasanton Hotel," cor. Wilder and Punahou.—advertisement.

meat, which was held in England in 1911.

The Englishmen will also try to arrange a meet in Canada with Toronto and McGill universities.

At Harvard, Baker met Captain J. B. Cummings of the track team; Manager Walter Tufts and Professor Briggs, who is chairman of the athletic committee. Baker stated that the Englishmen were able to finance a trip for next summer if arrangements on this side of the water could be carried out.

Without committing themselves entirely to the plan, the Harvard men and others who were consulted in regard to it were heartily in favor of it, and if the Yale authorities act favorably the chances are in favor of such a meet.

This would be the second trip of the Englishmen to this country. In 1901 they competed with Harvard and Yale at Berkeley Oval in New York and lost to the Americans. The first of the four international intercollegiate meets was held at Queen's Club in 1899, when the Englishmen won. America won the third meet, held in England in 1904, but lost the fourth

HINKEY'S NAME LIVES IN FOOTBALL HISTORY

BY LOUIS A. DOUGHER.

You may prate of your Truxton Hares, your Poe, your John De Witts, your Jim Thorpes, and your Jack Daltons, but never was there such a football player, as Frank Hinkey, Yale's wonderful "silent captain." Wherever football is played his name stills all tongues: Wherever football men foregather, the name of Frank Hinkey is greeted with the lifting of the hat in silent admiration, for he was the embodiment of football skill for four years at New Haven.

There have been great ends. Pennsylvania has had its Gilbert, Hunter and Scarlett. Harvard men glory in the great deeds of the Hallowells, Norman Cabot, Campbell and Pete Bowditch. Princeton ends have always been great, and Old Nassau is proud of the Poes, "Doggie" Trenchard, Dewitt Cochrane, Davis, Hinkley and Wister. Yale has had wonderful ends in Kilpatrick, Shevlin, Rafferty, Josh Hartwell and Lon Stagg, to name the wizards of the Eli winds. But the greatest glory of Yale is Frank Hinkey.

As a football player Hinkey sits in the highest niche of fame. His spirit still haunts the halls of Eli. Reference to him is always made respectfully, almost reverently at Yale. And when the varsity ends fail to uphold the standard set by the coaches, always there comes to New Haven a keen-eyed little man, a trifle overweight, perhaps, but still in fair condition, to whip them into shape. Then, behind closed gates, this little man molds mediocre players into veritable demons of the gridiron, breathes into them a little of his own fiery spirit until they charge and charge and charge, and crush back the enemy over chalkline after chalkline until the sons of Eli are victorious. He is the "silent captain," the great Frank Hinkey.

Came From Andover

In '88, '89 and '90 this silent little chap studied at Andover academy, nursery for many wonderful players. Yes, he played football, but few took him seriously. He weighed scarcely 135 pounds and seemed as frail as an invalid. Thus he entered Yale in the fall of '91 all unknown.

In those days giants played football. "Ma" Newell, "Pudge" Heffelfinger, "Bum" McClung, Bill Lewis and Bert Waters performed deeds of daring on every gridiron. They were men, not boys. Hence, when this frail little lad with the piercing eyes appeared at Yale field, many smiles were seen on the faces of the veterans.

The smiles vanished, however, as soon as the frail Frank Hinkey got into action. Then he was transformed. He was a demon of the gridiron. His 135 pounds traveled through the mass, hit interference, and rushing halfbacks together.

If the Yale coaches and veterans had thought to discourage this young freshman by giving him work, they failed sadly. In two weeks he had made his place on the varsity eleven, playing with Josh Hartwell. In the daily scrimmage he was invulnerable. But not so with the others. Rapidly they went to the hospital after meeting this bullet of the gridiron.

Hinkey's reputation spread rapidly, and when it came to the big games with Princeton and Harvard he was fairly well known. However, the Tigers and the sons of John Harvard thought that they would show up this diminutive little freshman. The Tigers were rapidly disabused of this idea, though, when they attempted to run around him. His side of the

line could not be passed by any mortal in a football suit.

When Harvard met Yale, then came the further instruction of the Cantabrigians. They had a great halfback that year in Corbett, a mighty runner. Right off the reel they sent Corbett out toward Hinkey, thinking to pass him and continue on down the field for an easy touchdown.

The Awakening. Then came the awakening. As the compact interference surged toward the little freshman, Corbett running nally behind it, there was a dull sound. Over toppled the whole bunch, not merely the interferers, but Corbett also. The cheers stopped momentarily, and then "Laurie" Hiss, the fleet halfback of the Yale team, was seen rushing off toward Harvard's goal.

What of Hinkey? He had struck that interference. He had crashed into Corbett at full tilt, spilling the entire backfield. Corbett lay there fazed. He didn't know what had struck him. He wiped the fog from his eyes, and then recalled that the roof of the world had fallen in upon him just as he had reached the end of the line.

Hinkey's fame was made then and there. Invincible in every way was this midget of iron. Never hurt, he would hurl himself at the biggest men and tear ligaments from their frame by the force of the impact. He never tired, always running thither and yon like a rabbit.

This great end had an uncanny way of diagnosing plays almost before they started. Never was he fooled by marked attacks. He was upon the runner before he could get under way, and that runner always stopped with great suddenness. He was lightning fast, easily coming up behind a play aimed at the other side of the Yale line and bringing his man to earth. And he always got the right man, the man with the ball.

For four years Hinkey played end for Yale, and in all that time never was he circled. Never was he beset by the opposing end or tackle. Never was an inch of ground made around him. It was as if he had posted a sign, "No trespassing," and it was obeyed.

In '93 Hinkey, though a junior, was chosen to the captaincy, holding it for two years. When he graduated he returned to his alma mater to aid in coaching his successors, thus starting a style that has always prevailed at New Haven. While Hinkey played at Yale the blue won all four games from Harvard, all three from Pennsylvania, and three out of four from Princeton. In '93 when '94 was captain for the first time, Princeton won, 6 to 4, but more than paid for this the following fall, when the sons of Eli trampled them into the sod to the tune of 25 to 0.

The "Silent Captain" always returns to Yale whenever the call is heard. "Stiffen up the ends." Generally he spends two weeks just before the championship contests with Princeton and Harvard instructing the wing players in the fine art of crushing bones and laming and hamstringing opponents, his own specialties when he was a warrior.

Seldom does he say anything. He peers around like a hawk, noting the weaknesses of the ends in a mere glance. Then he cautions a player in a low tone. If the player doesn't seem to gather the right impression, then Hinkey undertakes to show him and another halfback goes to the hospital list for a day or so.

The "Silent Captain" is generally manager of a large chemical company and is a busy man, but he can always be found when another Shevlin or a Kilpatrick has to be made in a week or so. He can make a peerless end in two weeks, imbuing them with some undiscoverable daredevil qualities that once made him the greatest football player of all time, transforming them from ordinary, slow-footed players to veritable demons. And no one knows how he does it either any more than his opponents knew how he could hurt his 135 pounds into compact interferences, break it into shattered fragments and fling the man with the ball to the ground with a stunning force. But he did it, and that's why his fame transcends all others.

Loren E. Pullen of the firm of Pullen, Bryant & Co., newspaper advertising agents of Boston, New York and Chicago, died at his home in Lowell, Mass.

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